

its assemblage in January, 1861, all cause for the series of complaints against the management of county affairs by the county judge, that had existed almost continually from the first organization of the county.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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I-O-W-A.

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WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,  
Nov. 8th, 1872.

*Editor of the Annals—Sir:—*

AN article in the ANNALS of July, 1872, gives currency to a tale heretofore in circulation, and attributing the origin of the word "Iowa" to the exclamation of a wandering Indian chief. Pleased with the country, we are told he said "Iowa!" meaning "This is the place," &c.

Will any good scholar, familiar with the meaning of Indian words, vouch for the correctness of this interpretation? Does not the so-called legend bear a suspicious resemblance to a story long current in newspapers, and substantially to the following effect:

A wandering tribe of Indians, searching for new hunting grounds, came at length to the banks of a beautiful river, and, pleased with the general aspect of nature, exclaimed "Alabama! Alabama!" or, "Here we rest! Here we rest!"

By a reference to the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged, in the vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, I find the following definition: "Iowa. The French form of an Indian word, signifying the 'drowsy' or 'the sleepy ones,' a Sioux name of the Pahoja or 'Gray Snow' tribe."

They must have grown more wakeful, as I find in the same volume this additional definition: "Hawkeye State. The State of Iowa; said to be named after an Indian chief, who was once a terror to *voyageurs* to its borders."

I find no definition of Alabama. In the interest of historical truth, I call attention to the subject, and hope that some one, properly qualified, will explain the real meaning of the word "Iowa."

SAMUEL PRENTIS CURTIS.

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THE WEST:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM OF THE BEAUTIFUL, GRAND, AND SUBLIME IN AMERICAN SCENERY, ESPECIALLY THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

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BY R. B. GROFF.

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To BAYARD TAYLOR,

MY AFFECTIONATE FRIEND AND SCHOOLMATE, AS A TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR HIS TALENTS, SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES, NOBLE EFFORTS TO DEVELOPE A PURE NATIONAL LITERATURE, AND ALL LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL, GRAND, AND SUBLIME IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST, THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED, BY THE AUTHOR.

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COPY OF A LETTER FROM BAYARD TAYLOR, ACCEPTING THE DEDICATION.

NEW YORK, September 10.

MY DEAR SIR:—I find your letter awaiting my return from the banks of Newfoundland, and hasten to reply.

I cannot refuse the flattering request you have made of me, and beg you to accept my thanks for the implied compliment. I remember your performance in the poetic line at Unionville, Pennsylvania, but had supposed that your practical western life had led you to abandon the Muse. I shall be curious to see in what manner the inspiration of the West has acted upon your mind.

Trusting that you have been successful in life, and that the world goes well with you, I remain

Very truly yours,  
BAYARD TAYLOR.

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